

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

For the National Republican.

THE SIX HUNDRED AT ALEXANDRIA.

Tennyson has immortalized the charge of the gallant Six Hundred at the battle of Balaklava, and the writer thinks that the exploits of the Six Hundred at Alexandria recently, should likewise be commemorated in song; and as it, like all national anthems, signifies some great event, it can be appropriated by the Southrons, as its versification is well suited to the air of "Dixie's Land."

'Twas a lovely night in May, that Virginia's F. F. V's

Were in Alexandria quartered, for soldiers, quite at ease,

When an order came from "Terrett" for the rifle-men to form.

As the enemy were coming, to take the town by storm.

Now, it must be borne in mind, that it was their frequent boast

That ten to one must be the number of the host

Before the chivalrous South any fear at all would feel.

For "See it's hirelings" were not foemen worthy of their steel.

By multiplication fair, six thousand thus were wanted

To make good the words they had so valorously vaunted;

But the sequel will show plainly, that these Virginia braves

Were scattered far and wide, by the much-deplored "Zouaves."

With brave Ellsworth in the lead, they landed on the shore,

Disappointed not to hear the fearful cannon's roar.

Up the city's streets they marched, by the pale light of the moon,

To find the valiant soldiers gone, horse, foot, and dragon.

In conclusion, then, my readers, with me you all will say:

"Thus may it ever be," until that eventful day,

When, convinced of their great error, submissively they'll bow

To that glorious starry banner, floating o'er their city now.

U. U.

MAJOR WINTHROP'S LAST ARTICLE.

Washington as a Camp—A Graphic Picture of Military Life—The Advance of the Seventh Regiment into Virginia—Work in the Trenches.

[We copy, from advance sheets of the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the graphic description of camp-life contributed to that magazine by the lamented Major Winthrop, late of the seventh regiment of New York, serving afterwards as aid-de-camp to General Butler, and killed at Great Bethel, June 10, 1861.]

OUR BARRACKS AT THE CAPITOL.

We marched up the hill, and when the dust opened there was our Big Tent ready pitched. It was an enormous tent—the Sibley pattern modified. A simple suit in our ranks looked up and said—"Tent! canvas! I don't see it; that's marble!" Whereupon a simpler soul informed us—"Boys, that's the Capitol!"

And so it was the Capitol—as glad to see the New York seventh regiment as they to see it. The Capitol was to be our quarters, and I was pleased to notice that the top of the dome had been left off for ventilation.

The seventh had had a wearisome and anxious progress from New York, as I have chronicled in the June *Atlantic*. We had marched from Annapolis, while "rumors to right of us, rumors to left of us vollied and thundered." We had not expected that the attack upon us would be merely verbal. The truculent citizens of Maryland notified us that we were to find every barn a Concord and every hedge a Lexington. Our Southern brethren at present repudiate their debts; but we fancied they would keep their warlike promises. At least, everybody thought, "They will fire over our heads, or bang blank cartridges at us." Every nose was sniffing for the smell of powder. Vapor instead of valor nobody looked for. So the march had been on the *qui vive*. We were happy enough that it was over, and successful.

Successful, because Mumbo Jumbo was not installed in the White House. It is safe to call Jeff. Davis Mumbo Jumbo now. But there is doubt that the luckless man had visions of himself receiving guests, repudiating debts, and distributing embassies in Washington, May 1, 1861. And as to La' Davis, there seems to be documentary evidence that she meant to be at "At Home," in the capital, bringing the first strawberries with her from Montgomery, for her Mayday *soiree*. Bah! one does not like to meet at people who have their necks in the halter; but one happy result of this disturbance is that the disturbers have sent themselves to Coventry. The Lincoln party may be wanting in finish. Finish comes with use. A little roughness of manner, the genuine simplicity of a true soul like Lincoln, is attractive. But what man of breeding could ever stand the type Southern Senator? But let him rest in such peace as he can find! He and his peers will not soon be seen where we of the New York seventh were now entering.

They gave us the Representatives' Chamber for quarters. Without running the gauntlet of caucus, primary, and election, every one of us attained that sacred shrine.

In we marched, tramp, tramp. Bayonets took the place of buncombe. The frowzy creatures in all-muddy dress coats, shimmering satin waistcoats, and hats of the tile model, who lounge, spit, and vociferate there, and name themselves M. C., were off. Our neat uniforms and bright barrels showed to great advantage, compared with the usual costumes of the usual *drum-major* person of the scene.

It was a dramatic business, our entrance there. The new Chamber is gorgeous, but ineffective. Its ceiling is flat, and paneled with transparencies. Each panel is the coat-of-arms of a State, painted on glass. I could not see that the impartial sunbeams, tempered by this skylight, had burned away the insignia of the malcontent States. Nor had any rampant secessionist thought to punch any of the seven lost Pleiades out from that firmament with a long pole. Crimson and gold are the prevailing hues of the decorations. There is no unity and breadth of coloring. The desks of the

members radiate in double files from a white marble tribune at the centre of the semicircle.

In came the new actors on this scene. Our presence here was the inevitable sequel of past events. We appeared with bayonets and bullets because of the host uttered on this floor; because of the bills—with treasonable stump-speeches in their bellies—passed here; because of the cowardice of the politicians, the imbecility of the doggerel, and the arrogance of the bullies, who had here co-operated to blind and corrupt the minds of the people. Talk had made a miserable mess of it. The *ultima ratio* was now appealed to.

Some of our companies were marched up stairs into the galleries. The sofas were to be their beds. With their white cross-belts and bright breastplates, they made a very picturesque body of spectators for whatever happened in the Hall, and never failed to applaud in the right or wrong place at will.

Most of us were bestowed in the amphitheater. Each desk received its man. He was to scribble on it by day, and sleep under it by night. When the desks were all taken, the companies overflowed into the corners and into the lobbies. The staff took committee-rooms. The colonel reigned in the Speaker's parlor.

Once in, firstly, we washed.

Such a wash merits a special paragraph. I compliment the M. C.'s, our hosts, upon the water privileges. How we welcomed this chief luxury after our march! And thenceforth how we prized it! For the clean face is an institution which requires perpetual renovation at Washington. "Constant vigilance is the price" of neatness. When the sky here is not traveling earthward in rain, earth is mounting skyward in dust. So much dirt must have an immortal effect.

After the wash, we showed ourselves to the eyes of Washington, marching by companies, each to a different hotel, to dinner. This became one of the ceremonies of our barracks-life. We liked it. The Washingtonians were amused and encouraged by it. Three times a day, with marked punctuality, our lines formed and tramped down the hill to scuffle with awkward squads of waiters, for fare more or less tolerable. In these little marches we encountered, by-and-by, the other regiments, and, most soldierly of all, the Rhode Island men, in blue flannel blouses and *bersagliere* hats. But of them hereafter.

It was a most attractive part of ours at the Capitol. Spring was at its freshest and fairest. Every day was more exquisite than the fore-runner. We drilled morning, noon, and evening, almost hourly, in the pretty square east of the building. Old soldiers found that they rattled through the manual twice as alert as ever before. Recruits became old soldiers in a trice. And, as to awkward squads, men that would have been the veriest louts and lubbers in the piping times of peace, now learned to toe the mark, to whisk their eyes right and left, to drop the butts of their muskets without crushing their corns, and all the mysteries of flank and file—and so became full-fledged heroes before they knew it.

In the rests between our drills, we lay under the young shade on the sweet young grass, with the odors of snowballs and horse-chestnut blossoms drifting to us with every whiff of breeze, and amused ourselves with watching the evolutions of our friends of the Massachusetts eighth, and other less experienced soldiers, as they appeared upon the field. They, too, like ourselves, were going through the transformations. These sturdy fellows were then in a rough enough chrysalis of uniform. That shed, they would look worthy of themselves.

But the best of the entertainment was within the Capitol. Some three thousand or more of us were now quartered there. The Massachusetts eighth were under the dome. No fear of want of air from them. The Massachusetts sixth were eloquent for their State in the Senate Chamber. It was singularly fitting, among the many coincidences in the history of this regiment, that they should be there, tacitly avenging the assault upon Sumner, and the attempts to bully the impregnable Wilson.

In the recesses, caves, and crypts of the Capitol, what other legends were bestowed I do not know. I daily lost myself, and sometimes, when out of my reckoning, was put on the way by sentries of strange corps, a Reading light infantry man, or some other. We all fraternized: There was a fine enthusiasm among us; not the soldierly rivalry in discipline that may grow up in future between men of different States acting together, but the brotherhood of ardent fellows first in the field, and earnest in the cause.

All our life in the Capitol was most dramatic and sensational.

Before it was fairly light in the dim interior of the Representatives' Chamber, the *recettes* of the different regiments came rattling through the corridors. Every snorer's trumpet suddenly paused. The impressive sound of the hushed breathing of a thousand sleepers, marking off the fleet moments of the night, gave way to a most vociferous uproar. The boy element is large in the seventh regiment. Its slang dictionary is peculiar and unabridged. As soon as we woke, the pit began to chaff the galleries and the galleries to chaff the pit. We were allowed noise nearly *ad libitum*. Our riotous tendencies, if they existed, excepted by the safety-valve of the larynx. We joked, we shouted, we sang, we mounted the speaker's desk and made speeches, always to the point; for if any but a wit ventured to give tongue, he was coughed down without ceremony. Let the M. C.'s adopt this plan and silence their dunces.

With all our jollity, we preserved very tolerable decorum. The regiment is *assez bien* composed. Many of its privates are distinctly gentlemen of breeding and character. The tone is mainly good, and the *esprit de corps* high. If the colonel should say, "Up, boys, and at 'em," I know that the seventh would do brilliantly in the field. I speak now of its behavior in-doors. This certainly did it credit. Our thousand did the Capitol little harm that a corporal's guard of biddies, with mops and tubs, could not repair in a forenoon's campaign.

Perhaps we should have served our country better by a little vandalism. The decorations of the Capitol have a slight flavor of the southwestern steamboat saloon. The pictures (now, by the way, carefully covered) would most of them be the better if the figures were bayoneted and the back grounds sabred out. Both pictures and decorations, belong to that bygone epoch of our country when men shaved the moustache, dressed like persons, said "Sir," and chewed tobacco—a transition epoch, now becoming an historical blank.

The home correspondence of our legion of

young heroes was illimitable. Every one had his little tale of service to relate. A decimation of the regiment, more or less, had profited by the tender moment of departure to pop the question, and to receive the dulcet "Yes." These lucky fellows were, of course, writing to Dulcinea regularly three meals of love a day. Mr. Van Wyck, M. C., and a brace of colleagues, were kept hard at work all day giving franks and saving three-pennies to the ardent scribes. Uncle Sam lost certainly three thousand cents a day in this manner.

What crypts and dens, caves and cellars, there are in that great structure! And barrels of flour in every one of them this month of May, 1861. Do civilians cast in this proportion? Or does long standing in the "Position of a Soldier" (*vide "Tactics"*) increase a man's capacity for bread and beef so enormously?

It was infinitely picturesque in those dim vaults by night. Sentries were posted at every turn. Their guns gleamed in the daylight. Sleepers were lying in their blankets wherever the stones were softest. Then in the guard-room the guard were waiting their turn. We have not had much of this scenery in America, and the physiognomy of volunteer military life is quite distinct from anything one sees in European service. The people have never had occasion until now to occupy their palace with armed men.

THE OATH.

We were to be sworn into the service of the United States the afternoon of April 26th. All the seventh, raw men and ripe men, marched out into the sweet spring sunshine. Every fellow had whitened his belts, burnished his arms, curled his moustache, and was scowling his manliest for Uncle Sam's approval.

We were drawn up by companies in the Capitol Square for mustering in.

Presently before us appeared a gorgeous officer, in full dress. "Major McDowell," somebody whispered, as we presented arms. He is a general, or perhaps a field marshal, now. Promotions come with a hop, skip, and jump, in these times, when demerit reigns and merit stands ready to step to the front!

Major General McDowell, in a soldierly voice, now called the roll, and we all answered, "Here!" in voices more or less soldierly. He entertained himself with this ceremony for an hour. The roll over, we were marched and formed in three sides of a square along the turf. Again the handsome officer stepped forward, and recited to us the conditions of our service. "In accordance with a special arrangement made with the Governor of New York," says the Major, "you are now mustered into the service of the United States, to serve for thirty days, unless sooner discharged;" and, continues he, "the oath will now be read to you by the magistrate."

Hereupon a gentleman, *en mystic*, but wearing a military cap with an oil-skin cover, was revealed. Until now he had seemed an impassive supernumerary. But he was biding his time, and with due respect he said, saving his wind, and now, in a stentorian voice, he ejaculated—

"The following is the oath!"

Per se, this remark was not comic. But there was something in the dignitary's manner which tickled the regiment. As one man, the thousand smiled, and immediately adopted this new epigram among its private counter-signs.

But the good-natured smile passed away as we listened to the impressive oath following its title.

We raised our right hands, and, clause by clause, repeated the solemn obligation, in the name of God, to be faithful soldiers of our country. It was not quite so comprehensive as the beautiful knightly pledge administered by King Arthur to his comrades, and transmitted to our time by Major General Tennyson, of the Parnassus division. We did not swear, as they did of yore, to be true lovers as well as loyal soldiers. *Ca sa bene dicit* in 1861, particularly when you were engaged to your Amanda the evening before you started, as was the case with many a stalwart brave and many a mighty man of a corporal or sergeant in our ranks.

We were thrilled and solemnized by the stately ceremony of the oath. This, again, was most dramatic. A grand public recognition of a duty, a renunciation of the fundamental belief that our system was worthy of the support, and our Government of the confidence, of all loyal men; and there was danger in the middle distance of our view into the future—danger of attack, or dangerous duty of advance, just enough to keep any trifler from feeling that his pledge was mere holiday business.

So, under the cloudless blue sky, we echoed in unison the sentences of the oath. A little, low murmur of rattling arms, shaken with the hearty utterance, made itself heard in the pauses. Then the band crashed in magnificently.

We were now miserable mercenaries, serving for low pay and rough rations. Read the Southern papers and you will see us described. "Muddills"—that I believe, is the technical word. By repeating a form of words after a gentleman in a glazed cap and black raiment, we had suffered change into base assassins, the offerings of society, starving for want of employment, and willing to "imbue our coarse fists in fraternal blood" for the sum of eleven dollars a month, besides hard luck, salt junk, and the hope of a Confederate States' bond apiece for bounty, or free boot in the treasuries of Florida, Mississippi and Arkansas, after the war. How carefully from that day we watched the rise and fall of United States stocks! If they should go low among the nineties, we felt that our eleven dollars *per mensem* would be imperiled.

We stayed in our palace for a week or so after April 26th, the day of the oath. That was the most original part of our duty thus far. New York never had so unanimous a deputation on the floor of the Representatives' Chamber before, and never a more patriotic one. Take care, gentlemen members of Congress! look to your words and your acts honestly and wisely in future! I don't palter with liberty again; it is not well that soldiers should get into the habit of thinking they are always to unravel the snarl and cut the knot twisted and tied by clumsy or crafty figures. The traitor States already need the *main de fer*—yes, and without the *gant de velours*. Let us beware, and keep ourselves worthy of the boon of self-government, man by man! I do not wish to hear, "order arms!" and "charge bayonets!" in the Capitol. But this present defence of free speech and

free thought ends, let us hope, that danger forever.

When we had been ten days in our showy barracks we began to quarrel with luxury. What had private soldiers to do with the desks of lawgivers? Why should we be allowed to revel longer in the dining-rooms of Washington hotels, partaking the admirable dainties there?

The May sunshine, the birds and the breezes of May invited us to camp, the genuine thing, under canvas. Besides, Uncle Sam and Abe wanted our room for other company. Washington was filling up fast with uniforms. It seemed as if all the able-bodied men in the country were moving, on the first of May, with all their property on their backs, to agreeable, but dusty lodgings on the Potomac.

We also made our May move. One afternoon, my company, the ninth, and the engineers, the tenth, were detailed to follow Captain Viale, and lay out a camp on Meridian Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLEASURE GARDEN.

ERNST LOEFFLER takes this method to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has opened his garden, on the corner of N. Y. avenue and First street, for the reception of visitors for the season. Music on Monday and Thursday evenings, and sacred concerts on Sunday evenings. He has always a large supply of refreshments, wines, liquors, &c. Also, the very best lager beer from his own brewery. He also furnishes larger beer to persons throughout the city. A bowling alley and gymnasium have been fitted up for the accommodation of visitors. may 24—1m

Progress of Slavery in the United States.

BY GEORGE M. WESTON.

COPIES of this work are for sale at the publication office of the *National Republican*, on Seventh street.

Bound edition, \$1 per copy. Pamphlet edition, 25 cents per copy. apr 9—4f

SHOES FOR THE MILLION.

EVERY variety, for all the people, on hand, or will be speedily made to order in the factory above my store. Guaranteed to fit well, and warranted good. HENRY JANNY, No. 348 Penn. avenue, between Brown's June 4—2m Hotel and Seventh street.

PURE COUNTRY MILK.

THE subscriber delivers Pure Country Milk, morning and evening, as usual, to his customers. Strangers commencing housekeeping in this City, who desire Milk, can have their orders promptly attended to by applying at this office. mar 13—4f DAVID MILLER.

A PRINCELY LOCATION FOR SALE.

GLIDE COTTAGE, in Alexandria county, can be bought low. It consists of 100 acres of well fenced; good buildings—large house, two large barns—fruit of all kinds, and in a high state of cultivation. Inquire on the premises, or at 393 Sixth street, between G and H. may 17—6m J. B. BROWN.

FOR SALE.

A PAIR of Black, Thoroughbred, Four-year-old MARES, sound and kind, work single or double, and good under the saddle. Can be seen at the subscriber's stables, at Union Hotel, Georgetown, D. C. HIRAM WRIGHT. apr 2

Hard Times—Low Prices.

M. R. H. STRAUS, 385 Seventh street, between H and I streets, keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Clothing and general Furnishing Goods, which he offers to the citizens of Washington and strangers visiting our city at the lowest cash prices.

His customers are earnestly solicited to continue their generous patronage, for which he returns his sincere thanks. feb 18—6m

Gentlemen's Ready-made Clothing.

OUR present assortment of GENTLEMEN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING offers to citizens and strangers wishing an immediate outfit superior inducements, embracing, at this time, all styles and qualities of Dress and Business Garments and Overcoats, in all varieties. Fine Shirts and Under-clothing of all kinds. Kid and other Gloves of best quality. Scarfs, Ties, Cravats, Stocks, Hosiery, &c. All of which we are offering at our usual low prices.

Clothing made to order in the most superior manner. WALL, STEPHENS, & CO., mar 27—4f 322 Penn. avenue.

House Decorators & Upholsterers.

We would respectfully notify all in want of an Upholsterer or Paper Hanger, that we are prepared to execute all work entrusted to us in the most superior manner and on the shortest possible notice. All work done by us is under our own immediate supervision, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every case. JOSEPH T. K. PLANT & CO., 350 D st., bet. Ninth and Tenth. feb 26—1y

FASHIONABLE UPHOLSTERERS.

UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1861.

TO-DAY, while the old messenger was working some colored convicts in the garden, as he has been accustomed to do for the last two years, two of them (Noble Grayson, confined for setting fire to Shreve's stable, and Edward Duckett) ran off. The Warden will pay twenty-five dollars for the delivery of either of them. may 1 H. I. KING.

MONEY! MONEY!! MONEY!!!

368 D STREET. 368

I WILL give for good cast-off clothing the highest cash prices in gold. All kinds wanted. Call before selling elsewhere. I also have a large stock of nice new clothing, which I am selling at extreme low prices for CASH. All, therefore, who have good clothes for sale can get the highest cash price here, and buy at the lowest, as I buy and sell for cash.

Come and see. No. 368 D street, between Ninth and Tenth. feb 18—1y

H. O. NOYES'S

MACHINE SEWING ROOMS

SHIRT MANUFACTORY, No. 504 Ninth street, 2 doors above Penn. avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Every description of Sewing done with neatness, promptness, and dispatch, and warranted to please. Shirts made to order. mar 20—3m

GALT'S STEAM FIRE WOOD MILLS, AND COAL DEPOT.

Wharf, foot of Seventeenth street, below the War Department. Office, No. 182 Pennsylvania avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. Wood prepared any length or size, or delivered cord length. Coal screened before delivery. June 1—4f

LOUIS FRANZE,

FRESCO AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,

AND DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Glass, Lamps, &c., &c.

HOUSE PAINTING AND GLAZING.

390 O st., bet. Sixth and Seventh sts., north side, WASHINGTON CITY.

mar 18—6m

WANTED FOR CASH—All kinds of Second-

Hand Furniture and House-keeping Articles. Persons leaving the city, or having a surplus, will do well to call immediately on

R. BUCHLEY,

Dealer in New and Second-Hand Furniture, No. 428 Seventh street, between G and H streets.

June 4—4f

H. HOFFA,

337 Pennsylvania avenue, opposite Brown's Hotel, PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

Recommends himself to the public in general to do all kinds of work in his line, and guarantees the same. Charges low. feb 15

WALL, STEPHENS, & CO.,

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

Made to Order, Wholesale and Retail, No. 222 Penn. avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, WASHINGTON, D. C.

may 2

R. FINLEY HUNT,

DENTIST,

WASHINGTON CITY, No. 310 Pennsylvania avenue, bet. Ninth and Tenth streets.

mar 18—6m

INTERIOR ADORNMENTS.

486. 486.

PAPER HANGINGS,

OF ALL GRADES AND PRICES.

WARRANTED Gold Band Window Shades,

Buff, Green, and Blue Holland Shades, all sizes, made to order.

Also, a handsome assortment of Picture Cord and Tassels, all sizes and colors.

Purchasing for cash, and allowing no old stock to accumulate, persons needing the above goods will find it to their advantage to give me a call. All work executed and superintended by practical men, who have served a regular apprenticeship at their trade. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. Please give me a call. Remember the number. JOHN MARKITER, No. 486 Seventh street, eight doors above nov 26 Odd Fellows' Hall.

CENTRAL LIVERY, SALE, AND HIRING

STABLES.

Nos. 471 and 473 (west side) Eighth street, bet. D and E sts., Washington, D. C.

First-class Horses and Vehicles, (single or double), and attentive Hostlers, always on hand. T. W. WILLIAMS, apr 3—6m Proprietor.

INTERESTING TO Office seekers, Office holders,

and Everybody Else.—If you want an office, buy a nice suit of Clothes from SMITH, No. 460 Seventh street.

If you want to have an office, buy a nice suit of Clothes from SMITH, No. 460 Seventh street. If you wish to look nice, buy a suit of Clothes at SMITH'S anyhow. feb 28—6m

WANTED.

ANY person having a good-sized furnished house to rent, or who would like to rent the house and sell the furniture, on terms suited to the times, may perhaps find a customer by addressing Box No. 247, City Post Office. may 15—4f

BOARDING.

GOOD Boarding, with or without rooms, can be had on accommodating terms by applying at No. 428 Duff Green's row, Capitol Hill. mar 27—4f

W. O. BERRY,

TIN, COPPER, & SHEET IRON

WORKER, No. 487 Seventh street, between D and E streets, WASHINGTON, D. C.

feb 20—6m

WILLIAM GERECKE,

Philadelphia Lager Beer Depot,

No. 381 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, Between Fourth and a-half and Sixth Streets. may 25—2m

CASH NOTICE.

IN consequence of our having to pay cash for every article of goods we purchase, we are forced to reduce our business to cash exclusively, for the present. We have in store a very large assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, for men and boys' wear, which are selling at a much lower rate than usual.

WALL, STEPHENS, & CO., 322 Pa. avenue, between 9th and 10th sts. June 8